

DANIEL WARD, machinist, married, two children.
EDWARD HUGHES, married, two children.
ANTHONY TOLLASKI, married, one child.
PETER SAVASKI, married, five children.
ANDREW SLOWMASKI, married, two children.
SIMON MASCOVITZ, married, two children.
JOHN CANDANISH, single.
ANTHONY GORDON, footman, single.
OWEN LEE, door boy.
DANIEL GAVIN, miner, single.
MICHAEL FORRE, miner, single.
JOHN OBERLIE, laborer, single.
J. W. HART, married, three children.
JOHN HOISTRICH, married, three children.
JOSEPH ZURINGO, married, five children.

At 3 o'clock this morning Pittsburg was thrown into the wildest excitement by three severe and distinct shocks, accompanied by rumblings resembling an earthquake disturbance. They were so strong as to awaken the people throughout East and West Pittsburg. Immediately afterward alarms were sounded on the whistle of the Twin Shaft at Pittsburg Junction. Fire alarms were also rung.

Hundreds of people apprehending serious results rushed to the Twin Shaft, operated by the Newton Coal Company, to find that the shock so distinctly felt was due to an extensive cave-in, accompanied by an explosion which has occurred in the sixth or lower vein of the shaft. Investigation showed that no less than 100 men and boys were entombed in the pit.

The fearful and distressing news spread with lightning rapidity, and by 8 o'clock the head of the shaft was thronged by thousands of men, women and children, the latter wringing their hands and uttering most heartrending cries.

The foreign element in particular, by their piercing harangues and their wild cries, made the scene harrowing. Efforts were made to quiet them by tendering the little encouragement possible, but unavailingly, as the mothers, fathers, daughters, sons, brothers and sisters reasonably feared the worst, and upon the first information received their fears were found to be well grounded.

First News from the Pit.

The first to come to the surface from the shaft below after the explosion, which carried in its wake from the pit solid volumes of smoke and dark dirt, enveloping, as it were, in preparatory mourning, the entire workings and locality, was John Gill, a laborer. The force of the concussion threw him with terrific force to the wall, and with intense fear, more dead than alive, he crept to the foot and with great difficulty stalled to the engineers at the surface to hoist the carriage. When he was brought up his stories, freighted with direful statements, gave to the few bosses present doubt as to the safety of any of the men and boys below. From him was secured the first information of the number who appear likely to be in the shaft, and to add another to those already fearful disasters frequently occurring in the anthracite coal fields. The closest approximation was that one hundred or more workmen will, or have, suffered a most horrible death.

Just at this period word came from the pit that men were ready to be brought up. Momentarily only was the hope of the dear ones, for when John Riker, a runner boy, Jacob Adam and Frank H. Sheridan, company men, were brought to the surface they told the true and frightful story.

The Fearful Story Confirmed.

It appears that several days ago the officials discovered that the rock between the fifth and sixth veins had commenced "working," and to prevent continuation all day Saturday and Sunday night the full complement of day men and such others as could be pressed into service from off the streets, were set at work pilaring and propping the sixth vein so as to ensure the safety of the workmen who were to go to work on Monday. On Saturday night the regular night force were working at a point about 3,000 feet from the shaft at the foot of the No. 3 plane at a point under what is known as the date, a little east of the Dexton railroad yards. The force was under the supervision of Superintendent Langdon and his assistant, Michael Lynott. Orders had gone forth that about midnight as many men as possible should be sent down to assist in this dangerous work, as constant cracking and splintering of the roof gave indication that the possibility of danger were most strongly founded.

In accordance with this order between 12 and 1 o'clock Saturday morning about thirty additional workmen left their homes and journeyed to what now seems their end.

The new force of men enlisted in the work was placed at a point beyond that of the night bands, and the terrible news brought to the surface by the three men, who likely will be the only ones to live to tell the tale of that anguishing night, was that all of these 100 or more men had been caught, and either crushed to immediate death, or imprisoned to perish a death most horrifying.

Responsive to this discouraging news the excitement and disturbance became more demonstrative. It was found, to the consternation of the few workmen present on the surface, that all the mine foremen, superintendents and bosses, who had gone to supervise the work, were with those who are imprisoned. This gave the work of relief no systematic head, and yet nobly, unscrupulously, the rescuers, providing themselves with safety lamps, hurried into the mine carriage, and were lowered a thousand feet or more to the mission of relief.

The Work of Rescue.

The rescuers were John Doyle, John Daily, Charles McDonald and James Tenyon. After a half hour of suspense they returned with expressions of discouragement and the story that the cave-in had become more extensive, that the search party faced inevitable danger, and that no news had been secured of the unfortunate men. With no delay, however, they again went down to the foot of the shaft with other men and again made heroic efforts to get what information they could, but again, baffled and discouraged, they repeated their dreadful story of defeated effort. For a third time, at 2 p. m., they returned with news, and still more men, they went beneath the surface of the pit, and tried by the counter gangway to reach by a circuitous route the unfortunate prisoners.

A journey of nearly a thousand feet of obstructions insurmountable, the concussion having created "ice" work, pillars, air conduits, and top rock having been piled up as to interfere with all that could be made by any human effort to the trouble, a second occurred so as to entangle those who should attempt to overcome these obstacles,

they again ineffectively tried their last resource to relieve and recover the men.

General Manager John B. Law, who has been for several days on a bed of sickness, made his appearance at the shaft and untiringly worked to his best ability to give instructions to those outside and succor to those inside. Special messengers hurried forth, calling to the shaft or mine all the company's workmen, as it was undisputedly learned that the mine was still caving.

The Mine Still Caving.

This afternoon the report was received that the mine was still caving near the foot of the shaft, thereby adding to the danger and making it practically impossible to continue the labor of rescue without propping up the way as the rescuers went in. Carriage after carriage of props were sent to the bottom under charge of Foreman Kagan, of the Phoenix Mine, Messrs. Maloney, of the Raven shaft, and McMillan, of the Barnum shaft. Much progress was made in this work, and soon the imminent danger was prevented, and at least fifty men were pushing their way to the foot of No. 3 plane, the scene of the extensive cave-in. To the brief encouragement of those who feared the explosion had ended the life of everything in the mine, word was sent up that the mine mules at work were running about. The fact of these mules living unscathed rightfully left the impression that the explosive sounds heard were due to no gas explosion, but only to the rush of air created by the sudden cave of what was now considered and conceded a most disastrous affair.

All Beyond Help.

The supposition that a gas explosion had occurred was later in the afternoon repeated emphatically by General Manager Law, shattering the hopes built up by the story of the unharmed mules. Later discoveries leave no doubt that all of the men were beyond help. All inside are most likely corpses.

At 6 o'clock this evening the aspect is as gloomy as it was early this morning. Mine Inspector McDonald, who is on the ground,

was mentioned, but this question is wholly a problem, as the entire force of bosses and company men, in fact all from whom this information could be derived, are in the dark bosom of the pit below. For this reason the subject of the missing ones is entirely conjectural. After a most careful and thorough search it is believed the list appended may be accepted as a reliable one.

Like the Avondale Disaster.

The officials that are left at the Twin Shaft at 9 o'clock to-night say that it is hard to estimate the number in the shaft, though they will reach not less than eighty and from that to 125.

The accident is similar to that of the Avondale disaster, which occurred on September 11, 1893, when 100 miners and laborers lost their lives. The rescuing party have cleared nearly 900 feet of the debris away and are propping as they go along. The report sent out that the body of Superintendent Langan had been found is not true. At this hour there are no signs of finding the men. It may take until morning before they can be reached.

What Two Survivors Say.

Richard, one of the teamsters who escaped, said the crash and fall were something terrible. "I was knocked off by feet," he added, "and was thrown with great violence against the slope. I think the fall must have been a solid one and that all the men perished. I will never go in a mine again after my experience last night."

Gill, the other teamster, was of the same opinion as Richard. He thought all the men perished by the cave-in. He said he knew the work they were engaged in was of a dangerous character. But they had no choice. If they refused to go to work their places would be taken by others. Superintendent Law was asked this evening what he thought the prospects were of recovering the men alive.

"Well, it is hard to say," he replied. "We have hope and we are doing our best to reach the men. There is more than a possibility that the men are hemmed in, and alive. If everything goes right, we ought to reach them by to-morrow after-

Whitney to forego his European trip and start for Chicago instead. It is firmly held, too, that Whitney is going to Chicago to protect the plans and, if possible, the credit of Cleveland.

Conjecture explains that Whitney will do this in one of two ways. Either he will forge a gold bolt and put Cleveland's name on it for President and so send him sentimentally to present slaughter to the end that he may be more surely revived to victory in 1900. Or he, Whitney, will bear with him to Chicago that letter of long ago that Cleveland wrote and which was first addressed to Hardly, and which warns the party of its silver errors, calls it back to gold, and, as an incident, says that Cleveland wants no nomination. Either Cleveland is to head a gold bolt or write a gold letter and then leave the rest to time and an opening of the public eye to the fallacy of silver and the glory of gold, to become President in 1900. So says confident gossip.

Silver's Rule in Washington.

Free silver, 16 to 1, as a panic, has spread to Washington. There seems to be a general belief that it is to sweep all before it at the November polls. The gold bug gentry admit this sadly. The silver shouters cock their hats and inform one another struts that "free silver, 16 to 1, is a cinch." All look for the downfall of McKinley and insist that either a free silver President is to be elected at the polls or in the House, if the contest is thrown there.

Washington is a chameleon—a tree toad to take on whatever hue or color of politics is dominant at the time. The citizen of these parts lives only to hold office, hopes only to hang on to office. To do these pleasant things he keeps anxious track of general political sentiments and reflects them like a mirror. The united gossip of Washington is that free silver, 16 to 1, has run away with the country, and as a warning voice to show in what direction the wind of national politics is blowing Washington gossip may be relied on.

But, beyond gossip and coming down to names revered and grave, there's Colonel John R. Fellows.

"There's no use," said Colonel Fellows, "bending a kind, intelligent eye upon me,

dark words, and so be led to find themselves on the brink of chaos, is a sugar-coated Senator from the canebars of Louisiana, and so absolutely in favor of a sugar bounty, as to have grown to favor gold as a method of sugar bounty attainment. As a fact, he knows little of party affairs, past, present, or to come, beyond the swampy frontiers of his State. One need not therefore buy craps just because Caffrey foretells a funeral. Caffrey may be wildly and widely wrong, it wouldn't be the first time.

Chances Favor a Bolt.

Call, Senator from Florida, looks like Caffrey, for a sugar bolt at Chicago. Call, however, does not look for the end of all things politico-earthly to flow from it. He sees universal victory for Democracy and free silver, 16 to 1, lying dead ahead of the bows of present time.

Free silver is to have success, and the stone which the boss builders of the Democracy—Cleveland, for instance—rejected is to become the cornerstone of the temple.

Aside from such as Call and Caffrey and Blackburn and Mills, who have just left for Texas and who will not be at Chicago, and Eckels, who last night wended sadly homeward to Illinois, even Olney, Morton, Carlisle, Harmon, Herbert, Wilson and Hoke Smith believe the chances favor a bolt at Chicago. It cannot be said that they favor one. Indeed, Carlisle, Herbert and Hoke Smith distinctly do not favor bolting. They are from the South, where bolters are largely unfashionable. But they one and all incline to a belief that a bolt is coming. They want talk it for publication, but they think it and say it privately to their cronies and incense burners, and thus it leaks forth to the world.

The whole Cabinet admits that free silver, 16 to 1, is to rule the roost at Chicago, and they cannot see how the hard golding of New England and the Eastern North, after all he has said and sung, danced and done, can abide by it. They must walk off of the party. It is thus, too, that every man named reads ex-Secretary Whitney's manifesto in this morning's papers. Between the lines they pretend to see written, "The bolt of gold."

Speaking of President mungering and

MCKINLEY WILL DEFINE HIS VIEWS TO-DAY.

Will Declare Exactly How He Stands on the Currency Question.

His Speech of Acceptance Is Ready and He Only Awaits the Committee.

The Major Declines to Discuss the Whitney Statement, but Says It Is "Interesting."

QUAY AS A DISTURBING ELEMENT.

Just What Part That Disgruntled Gentleman Will Play in the Campaign Is a Source of Troublous Conjecture to Hanna.

By Julius Chambers.

Canton, O., June 28.—There will be some plain talk by Major McKinley in his response to the Notification Committee to-morrow, but exactly what his words will be no one who knows will say.

The printed interview with ex-Secretary W. C. Whitney was shown him this morning, and all he had to say in reference to it was that Mr. Whitney's statement was exceedingly interesting, adding that he would have something to say himself to-morrow on the subject. His speech is completed, and was shown to Charles Emory Smith and two or three others this morning. It is learned that his utterance on the money question will be so clear and em-

South and West, as voiced by ex-Secretary Whitney, but whether Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, can be brought into line with the Hanna machine. Of course, it would not make a great deal of difference, so far as the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is concerned. But the anxiety regarding New York is intense. The strength of silver in the country districts is an unknown quantity. If the Empire State be lost to the Republicans, defeat is admitted. Senator Quay and Mr. Platt are believed to have an understanding. The margin of success in New York will be narrow, and unless Platt and Quay are to be considered, disaster may overtake the Republican electoral ticket.

It now leaks out that Senator Quay did not receive the consideration he expected when he came respectfully out West, like the repentant King Henry, but Mr. Hanna had no use for him, and "gave him the marble heart." McKinley treated him kindly when he reached Canton, and regaled him with a fish dinner and Catwabs wine, but, as history shows, Senator Quay remained in the field as a Presidential candidate, and received more votes than several other highly prominent aspirants for the nomination.

The Senator has many bitter enemies in his own State, but several of them have visited Canton within the past few days, intent upon urging McKinley to placate Quay, Chris Magee, of Pittsburg, and Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, both opponents of the Senator, are anxious that he should receive the utmost consideration at the hands of the Republican campaign managers. Nobody in Pennsylvania approves of Quay on any other grounds than that he leaves no room for anybody else in the party but himself. His turning down of Harry Willing Leach was an act of treachery only possible to Boss Quay.

A United States Senator is to be chosen by the Legislature of the Commonwealth in 1897. Senator Chamber, whose term expires at that time, is not a candidate for re-election, and Quay proposes to name his successor. The recent contest in the Pennsylvania primaries means simply another Quay appeal to the people; and, so far, John Wansmaker appears to be ahead, although Penrose is Quay's man.

PENNSYLVANIA FEELS HURT.

Since the St. Louis Convention there is in Western Pennsylvania a deeply seated sense of resentment against everything that was done there. Quay's candidacy originated there. It is the place of his nativity. There is where he is strongest, and his power is always in rural communities where he annexes and plagues by the official patronage that he has been able to give.

He is still a most respectable figure in Republican politics in the Commonwealth, because he is its representative on the National Committee, and that is what giving Mr. Hanna more trouble than all other things in the whole field of American politics. He is a man who has to be recognized on the National Executive Committee. He cannot be chairman, but will serve in the ranks? That is the key to the problem. If he does not serve, does it mean war?

Whatever happens, the electoral vote of Pennsylvania is sure for McKinley, but the entire machine politics of the country will be arrayed on Quay's side.

NOTIFICATION COMMITTEE IS READY.

Cleveland, O., June 28.—The members of the Republican Presidential Notification Committee were all assembled here to-night, with the exception of Rogers, of Utah, who telegraphed that he could not come. The committee goes to Canton to-morrow morning.

Senator Thurston, chairman of the committee, said to-night: "I do not think there is any question that McKinley will win a great victory, but by what plurality I cannot estimate. I think we will lose Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho and Montana on account of silver. I do not think we can save them. The rest of the Western States will wheel into line for McKinley."

"I think the fight will shortly settle down and the tariff will force the money issue into second place. Senators Teller and Dabbs will be re-elected to the Senate on silver tickets. It is rather significant that these two Senators were the only ones to bolt and that they were both up for re-election in silver communities. Those who did not bolt were not up for another term."

"I have no idea what Mr. Hanna will do about the Executive Committee's headquarters. I think he should be allowed to fix them wherever is handiest for his interest."

Some of the Ohio delegates to the late Republican Convention tendered Mr. A. Hanna a reception and dinner at the Union Club, the swell local Republican organization, last night. Congratulations were responded to and Mr. Hanna's generosity was lauded to the skies. Among those present were the members of the McKinley notification committee and C. W. Fairbanks, temporary chairman of the St. Louis Convention.

A loving inscription containing the following inscription was presented to Mr. Hanna: Complimentary to Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, commencing his citizenship of McKinley at St. Louis, June 18, 1896.

WILL OSBORNE GET THE PLACE?

Rumor That He Will Be Made Secretary of the Executive Committee.

Canton, O., June 28.—A rumor was circulated to-night that General William M. Osborne, of Boston, had been selected as the secretary of the Executive Committee.

He has been the McKinley manager in the South and is a first cousin of the candidate. Mark Hanna, however, stated to-day that Joseph S. Hanna was his choice for the place and that the rumor was untrue. He also would be considered. Furthermore, the best opinion is that Mr. Hanna will select the man.

DISCORD IN KENTUCKY.

Republican Leader John Speed Claims That State for McKinley.

John Speed, one of the Republican leaders in Kentucky, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night. Mr. Speed is in the city to attend to some private business, and is accompanied by St. John Hoyle, who was one of the candidates for United States Senator in the legislative deadlock in Kentucky last winter. In an interview last night, Mr. Speed said:

"Kentucky will go for McKinley next November, without the shadow of a doubt. The feud between the Blackburn advocates and the Carlisle gold men has divided the Democrats, and has become so bitter that I don't think the party can be reunited. If the Democratic National Convention declares for free silver at Chicago, the Carlisle people will refuse to participate in the campaign, and they will not vote for the ticket."

Indiana Delegates for Whitney.

La Porte, Ind., June 28.—It is stated on the authority of private letters received here from Indianapolis, that failing to secure the nomination of Governor Matthews for President at the Chicago Convention, ten Indiana delegates are pledged to vote for William M. McKinley at New York. The delegation as a whole is instructed to vote for Matthews and free silver, but a number of the delegates are known to be gold, and after loyally supporting the Indiana candidate will join the Whitney forces.



A FABLE FOR BOTH KINDS OF DEMOCRATS.

A Silver Miner and a Gold Bond owner fell into a dispute as to which should ride a Beast of Burden which they owned between them. While they shook their fists at each other a Willy Populist seized the beast and rode off, remarking: "Whoever wins, he will have to replevin the Ass."

Moral (by the Donkey)—Alas! No matter who holds the bridle I seem to be always but an Ass.

went to the foot of the shaft, where he made most thorough investigation. He used the knowledge of his twenty-five years' experience, and determined that no rescue could then be made, and in his report only confirmed the stories of his predecessors in the work of rescue. To the encouragement of all, the fan house had suffered no injury. So far as travel was possible, the air currents were perfect. This fact gave hope to those in control that perhaps a sufficient volume of air could be forced to the rear of the cave-in by sending it in a roundabout way.

This, apparently, was the only successful effort of the early morning, but this afternoon, at a consultation of the leading superintendents of Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys, attended by Messrs. Simpson, Watkins and Bryden, of the Pennsylvania Coal Company; E. L. Fuller, of the Old Forge Company; Mr. Connell, of the Connell Coal Company; Charles Altkman, Richard Mainwaring and Superintendent Crawford, of the Babylon Coal Company; W. D. Owens and W. G. Thomas, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company; William Abbott, of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and others, it was feared that this idea was not to be based upon.

At this conference reports were made by experienced foremen who had made these rescuing trips, and the work done was most fully indorsed and commended, and in their opinion nothing more skillful could have been accomplished. At this conference, also, the fear was expressed that possibly the Susquehanna River, near by the cave, was running into the mine. This, however, was entirely supposition, as nothing inside justified the opinion, but the fear was expressed.

The pump in this locality is under the cave and its work is entirely prevented. At the meeting the possible number imprisoned

was mentioned, but this question is wholly a problem, as the entire force of bosses and company men, in fact all from whom this information could be derived, are in the dark bosom of the pit below. For this reason the subject of the missing ones is entirely conjectural. After a most careful and thorough search it is believed the list appended may be accepted as a reliable one.

CLEVELAND.

Continued from First Page.

term as President. He gave way to some tariff views and was beaten in 1888. In four years—1892—he was elected on the strength of that tariff position, which four years before had contributed to his downfall. Now he looks forward to a parallel with finance instead of tariff as the motif of the piece.

The Democrats will declare for free silver, 16 to 1, in this year of grace 1896, but as the solemn dignity of gold, Cleveland intends, as the sign of silver rises, to have full advertisement. He is to fill the public eye and memory as the gold leader, and in 1900 he will again be selected as the one great Moses who can find a trail of safety and a solution of political evils.

Cleveland's Own Plan.

Now, understand this but what gossip believes will happen, but it's what Cleveland looks forward to, according to general assertion. He hopes to become a finance reform President in 1900, just as he became a tariff reform President in 1892.

How Cleveland means to manage his appearances and disappearances at this crisis, when, in spite of all his efforts, free silver takes the lead, is the question most people find trouble in answering. They do not know, possibly Cleveland doesn't know himself. One thing, however, is clear. It was Lamont who prevailed on

"there's no use trying to head off this free silver movement. It will sweep New York State itself, like some white simoon of finance. Seven up-country farmers out of ten are for free silver, 16 to 1, in New York right now."

"This cry for free silver amounts to revolution. I'm going to Chicago, and I'm going to fight for gold, but it will be planting and no fruit, sowing and no harvest, save the harvest of disappointment. Free silver, 16 to 1, will carry New York."

Consistent with the well-voiced apprehensions of the eloquent Colonel come the fears of such men as Representatives Cummings and McClelland. Cummings reports his district as western-ent and ratholed with free silver. No one can foretell the result. All that is known is that free silver has developed the stature and strength of some sudden giant. Every hour brings fresh proofs of the spread of what Cleveland calls lunacy and Blaine calls truth—a free silver sentiment. Cummings cannot prophesy the future of his district.

Gold's Sun Shines Dimly.

McClelland talks the same way. His district also, right in the city of New York, is being overtaken by free silver as if by an eclipse. Gold's sun shines dimly and still more dimly. Such districts as Colonel William Clay Sulzer's is looked on as lost to silver now. Indeed, white-faced apprehension lifts its pale countenance to declare that Sulzer himself is a foregone conclusion. Most sage folk here look forward to a gold bug bolt at Chicago.

It's bound to come," said Senator Caffrey to-night. "The gold men want to remain after a declaration of free silver, 16 to 1; they must get out. The free silver movement means the disruption of the Democracy."

Caffrey, it must be added, to the cheer of those who might lean too heavily on his

what is to happen at Chicago, reminds me that I found a well-blown boom for John R. McLean when I arrived. Ohio's forty-six votes will go for him, so they say. The Buckeyes have adopted the unit rule, and those who are rocking in the cradle of Ohio hopes and fears say that the whole delegation at Chicago will be one howling clamor for John R. McLean and free silver, 16 to 1.

This news is good news. McLean would make a good candidate if nominated and a better President if elected. McLean is a thoroughbred. The world is in no danger while such men as McLean are on the bridge commanding affairs. To-day I called on McLean. He was for free silver. He always was. The cost is not a new one to McLean. But as to his personal aspirations he wouldn't talk.

Speaking of silver, McLean was enthusiastic. It was running like wild fire, he said. Men were to be astonished and properly dumfounded at the result in November. McLean believes that every State west of the Missouri and south of the Ohio and Potomac will turn down McKinley's chances with a slam. As to the others he regards Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, New York and Ohio itself as sure for free silver majorities. It's as likely as not that a lot of trunk larks in what McLean says.

Extra Session Phosphorescent. Effort toward future pleading so far overleaps itself that having settled that free silver is to name and elect the next President and supply the majority of the next House, it goes in Washington a step forward and blazes in your ear that an extra session of Congress is to be called by April, 1897. The first act of the new President following his inauguration will be to call an extra session. A free silver 16 to 1 act is to go through Congress with a celebrity heretofore witnessed only in the case of bills to pay members' mileage.

It is all cut and dried, they say, by the silver leaders this moment as much as any step to be taken at the Chicago Convention, and by May 1 next, when the landlords re-

placate that no one need hereafter ask where McKinley is.

After all the noise and excitement of yesterday Canton is remarkably quiet to-day. There are a good many strangers in town, but they and the towns people are worn out after their exertions and are having the rest they need.

The First Methodist Church was crowded this morning to its capacity, but McKinley was not one of the worshippers. The guests of yesterday were still at his home, and he could not well leave them. Pastor Eugene P. Edmonds said this afternoon that the Major ought not to go to church—that rest would do him more good—and he sincerely hoped he would obtain some to-day. A feature of the morning service was the singing of Miss Mabel McKinley, a niece of the Major. She has a sweet contralto voice, and the solos she rendered were most pleasing.

Major McKinley and his household dined to-day at the Saxton homestead, and spent the afternoon there. The evening was passed quietly at home, entertaining a few friends and neighbors that called.

The Notification Committee leaves Cleveland on a special train at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, arriving here at 11:30. Its members will be met at the station by the Canton Mounted Guard and the Grand Army band, who will escort them directly to McKinley's house, where the formal exercises on the occasion will be held. The speeches over, the enterprising photographer will get in his work, and then luncheon will be served in a tent that has been erected for the purpose on a lot in the rear.

QUAY KEEPS THEM GUESSING.

The problem of the hour in national Republican politics is not what reply McKinley will make to the surrender of the Eastern Democracy to the silver element of the